

Our Boys and Girls.

ED. ED. B. / MONT. BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the boys and girls who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

LITTLE BILLY'S SANTA CLAUS.

The two boys were all in the world to each other. Their parents were dead, and Joe, the elder, was a peevish, who by hard work and good management was able to provide for himself and his little brother Tom, a hopeless cripple, who could walk only by the aid of crutches. They lived in a small room on the sixth floor of an east side tenement in New York. It required all of Joe's earnings, augmented by a small weekly allowance from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to pay rent and purchase the cheapest food. But they were happy, because they loved each other with true brotherly love. On Sunday they went to mass and Sunday school in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon they visited Central park to see the animals. They would stand before the monkey cage for hours, enjoying the mischievous antics, which gave so much pleasure to the poor little cripple.

It was only three days before the anniversary of the coming of the Christ Child. The shop windows were filled with almost everything the human mind could imagine or everything the human heart could desire. On a previous Sunday the two boys had gone down Broadway as far as the Battery, stopping before the well-filled windows to look at the display of toys and other Christmas attractions. In one window Tom saw something for which his childish heart longed. A child often craves a toy more than a miser craves gold. But the crippled child was too thoughtful to impose upon his brother so much as to ask him to purchase the desire of his heart, for he knew that it is a little difficult for poor boys in New York to earn money for the purpose of buying five-dollar Christmas presents. He did not know that in a certain box that once belonged to his mother, there was almost enough money to buy that precious article. During the summer and autumn Joe had worked hard, that he might save enough to purchase a suit of clothing and a toy for Tom at Christmas. That he might add to the pennies in the box, Joe had run many errands and had carried many packages when his other work was finished. That mysterious box contained nearly five dollars, and Joe expected to add to the sum before Christmas eve, when he would make his important purchase.

The day after the two boys had wandered down Broadway, Joe bade his little brother good-bye as soon as they had finished their breakfast of bread and milk, and hurried to the "Herald" office for papers to sell to the "early birds," as he styled those who started to work at 7 o'clock. He knew a number of boys, and they were all kind to one another, sometimes advancing a loan to an unfortunate companion without requiring security. That morning he missed one of his friends, a red-headed Irish boy known as "Little Billy." He remembered that he had not been about for several days, and he called to the boy in front of him in the long line, and asked: "Say, Mike, is Little Billy sick?"

"No, Joe," replied Mike, "Little Billy is locked up. The cops got him, but it wasn't his fault. He is up for thirty days. I am downright sorry for the little cub, for he is square all through."

Joe's face grew sad, and at the risk of losing his place in line, he begged Mike to step aside long enough to tell him all about Little Billy's misfortune, for he imagined that the poor boy had offended in some way the majesty of the law of the great city of New York.

"You see," said Mike, "the boys were all the time imposing on the little cub because he wouldn't lit, swear, nor smoke cigarettes. One day last week he was picking up a bundle down at the Battery for a poor old lame woman. A big boy pushed him over, and he fell against the woman, and she was hurt so much that two of the cops took her to the hospital, and another cop took Little Billy to the station house, and he was fined five dollars, and because he couldn't pay the five they locked him up for thirty days."

Joe asked where Little Billy was confined. He had made up his mind what to do. He had heard the priest say: "We should show our love for the Christ Child at all times, but especially at Christmas," and he knew that the best way to show love for Him is to help those who are in trouble. While it grieved him much to deprive his own brother of a Christmas present, he did not hesitate to use the money in the black box to pay Little Billy's fine. When he counted the dimes, nickels and pennies, he found that he had four dollars and sixty cents. The fine was five dollars. How could he get the forty cents which he must have before he could set his little friend free? He did not sit down to admit his helplessness, but to think how he could earn the money. He looked out the window and was delighted to see that the snow was falling in great white flakes. He put his brother to bed, and went out and soon earned fifty cents by sweeping sidewalks. The next morning he paid the fine, and his brother newsboys contributed a little sum to put Little Billy on his feet. Joe was happy but for the thought of the little cripple at home who would have so poor a Christmas.

That night as Joe and Tom sat close to their little stove, Tom crawled on Joe's lap, and putting his arms around his neck, asked: "Joe, did you see that hobbly horse in the window last Sunday? I wish I had five dollars; I would give it to you to lay it for me. If I had it I could ride when you are not here."

Joe tried hard to keep his tears back while he said: "Never mind, Tom; I'll get it for you by Easter."

The two boys went to bed, but only one fell asleep. Joe was restless and unhappy because his brother's stocking would be empty on Christmas morning. Never had he so longed for money as now. He did that night, and when Tom was sleeping he rose and knelt by the side of his bed and asked the rose and knelt by the side of his bed and asked the infant Jesus to send Tom something for the great feast day.

The next morning Joe went downtown with a sad heart. Every window he passed seemed to contain a hobbly horse, and yet his poor, lonely, lame little brother could not have one. He thought of how many homes in that rich city would be made happy Christmas morning, and that one his own. He did not realize the sad fact that in hundreds of homes in the great city there were clouds darker than those that seemed to obscure the sunlight from his own little room.

A great and pleasant surprise was awaiting him

at the "Herald" office. There was Little Billy, and he was not in line, but holding a reception in front of the office, where he stood chatting with the boys. What a change in his appearance as he stood there wearing a handsome suit of clothing and a fur-lined overcoat! Joe was too polite to ask his friend where he got this rich outfit, though he did say: "I'm awful glad, Billy, to see that Old Santa came to see you so soon."

"You bet he did!" replied Little Billy. "And the best of it is he came to stay a while, and better still, he wants to see you. He did not wait to fill our stockings, but picked up the whole kit of us, and took us in a big automobile to a shining flat full of brass beds and other dandy things. Now I am going to help you sell your papers, and then you must come home with me to see Old Santa. Say, Joe, I will tell you who he is. He is my uncle, just from Siberia, or Australia, or some other heathen place, where he made a pile raising sheep. After he raked off his fortune, he came here to find mother. He had to hunt for us, and said it was worse than being lost at home with his sheep, for they could find the ranch, but he can't find his way in New York. Joe, he is a stunner, sure, and as big as that iron man in the park. But, come, let's hustle, for I want you to see him. When I told him what you had done for me, he said: 'Well, he is something of a boy. I must find him before Christmas, sure.'"

The night before Christmas Little Billy and Joe worked hard in the latter's room, after Tom had gone to bed, lamenting because his brother told him he must not expect Santa Claus, who had too many places to visit. His surprise may be imagined in the morning when he found a Christmas tree, beneath the branches of which stood the famous hobbly horse, on whose back was a large package containing everything the child could imagine or desire. He was not less delighted to see Joe dressed in a handsome suit and fur-lined overcoat, ready to start to church to be present at early mass.

Later in the day Little Billy piloted his uncle to the boys' room, and before he left it was settled that Joe and Tom were to live with Mrs. Maloney in the flat and attend school with Little Billy, that they might be prepared to earn the necessities of life without selling papers on the street.—Milton E. Smith, in The Catholic Standard and Times.

Free Turkey.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, at one of the many horse show dinners given in his honor in New York, told a story of a groom and a turkey.

"I had promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey, but, somehow, in the rush and flurry of December, I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend."

"Meeting him in the paddock one morning and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom, by way of a joke:

"Well, Jenkins, how did you like that turkey I sent you?"

"It was a very fine bird, sir," said the groom. "I came very near losing it, though."

"How so?" said I, astonished.

"Well, sir," said Jenkins, "Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right out to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending the bird up. The manager apologized, sir, very politely, and took me into a back room, where there were ten or fifteen turkeys hanging, and he said the labels had been lost off all of them, and I'd just better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir."

According to Her Count.

"Yes," said the young wife, "Philip and I have lived together a whole year, and we've never had the slightest quarrel."

"What are you talking about? You and Philip were married seven years ago."

"To be sure we were, but you forget that he's a traveling salesman."

A Give-Away.

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Miss Blush's mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

"Yeth, you wath," interposed her little sister.

"Mr. Smith asked for a kith and you thod 'You kin.'"

A Base Materialist.

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$2,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that.

He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat.

She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man!—always thinking of his stomach.

Just a Hint.

Mrs. Sharpley—Next time you call I want you to give your opinion of the new dog we are going to get.

M. Bore—Delighted, I'm sure! When do you expect it?

Mrs. Sharpley—Oh, not for twelve months, at least!

Reciprocity.

She sewed a button on my coat.

For I was far from mother.

"Tis such a thing," she said to me.

"As I'd do for my brother."

She looked so pretty sitting there.

I quickly stooped and kissed her.

"Tis such a thing," I said to her.

"As I'd do to my sister!"

—Oliver Balfour.

Who Gets the Scolding.

It is a very backward child that does not know how to lay the blame on somebody else's shoulders. Little Katharine does not belong to that class.

Her grandmother had gone downstairs for a few minutes, leaving Katharine sailing some tin ducks with a magnet in a bowl of water. Pretty soon her grandfather looked up from his book. The little girl had succeeded in drenching herself from head to foot.

"Why, why?" he exclaimed in dismay. "What will grandma say now?"

"Oh," said the little girl, instantly, "she will scold you for letting me do it."

Two kinds of Courtesy.

There are two distinct kinds of courtesy; one is of the heart, and the other is of the head. One is the expression of genuine kindness and goodwill, while the other is merely the result of good breeding. One says "I beg your pardon," because it would be "bad form" not to do so. The other says it from the heart. Some one has said that "politeness is artificial good-nature," but a clearer thinker comes nearer the truth when he says that "good-nature is natural politeness." Courtesy resulting from more good-breeding says and does pleasant and polite things in an exquisite manner with which the heart has nothing to do. Joab was

courteous when, according to the approved custom of the time, he took Amasa by the beard to kiss him, saying, "Art thou in health, my brother?" Nevertheless, with his free hand did Joab grasp his sword and smite Amasa under the fifth rib to his death. This cold-blooded kind of courtesy obtains to the present day, and so well is it affected that it often passes for courtesy of the heart. But it will not stand the tests that true courtesy will stand. Courtesy of the heart makes no distinctions. It never lapses into unkindness and rudeness when talking to the lowest of one's inferiors, and it is never servile before its superiors. It is an attribute peculiarly gracious and charming in women, and they who possess it add largely to the growing beauty and sweetness and good of the world.

The Art of Compliment.

There is still an art of compliment, and it is still practiced worthily and unworthily. The flatterer of today deals little in words. He acts and, above all, he imitates. We all imitate each other with a pitiful diligence. All classes try to dress alike. With a sad want of dignity men and women fear to take their own line to show the kind of hospitality which best befits their incomes, to wear the clothes most convenient for their work, to talk upon the subjects which interest them, to express the disapproval which the class above them ridicule and the admiration which offends the fashion leaders of literature and art.

The art of compliment may, however, be well worth the study of all those who value the pleasantness of life above its pleasures. Graciousness is never out of fashion. We must tell our friends from time to time what we think of them. There are reserves which blight the whole beauty of life. But we must be at the pains to tell them in the right way, for friendship in some of its aspects is an art. Again, if we hope to get much enjoyment out of social life we must take the trouble to show ourselves well disposed and must know how to turn indifferent and insignificant occasions to account.

"Smile On Me."

A sweet story is told of the little three-year-old girl, the pet of the household, who came down a few minutes late to breakfast. She had one foot on the round of her chair, but was not allowed to climb up until her papa had asked the blessing. Then she looked around her and saw that the family were offended, and her child's heart was broken. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, with quivering lips, "smile on me."

The child's impulse was natural. A smile means cheer, love, sunshine, and the cry of the human heart always is, "Smile on me."

We all know how loneliness and heartache may be eased and how the aspect of a whole day may be changed by a kindly glance, a friendly look. Let us see to it that we do not withhold this comfort from one another. In heaven, God shall wipe away the tears from all eyes. Let us anticipate heaven, and make earth as much like it as is possible by remembering the little child's cry, "Smile on me."

Unselfish Boy.

"Joseph, I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look at it in a different way. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

fills it promises by bringing any permanent happiness. The latter, the cross, appeals to man's reason and spiritual nature. One's hopes centered on the cross is the source of happiness, because salvation, which means unending bliss, comes from the humility of the cross. At the foot of the cross one may say with St. Paul: "Oh death, where is thy victory; oh death, where is thy sting." The cross brings real and permanent happiness. Its victim has said: "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after justice, for ye shall be satisfied." When satisfied, then indeed is one happy. This happiness is the greetings which The Intermountain Catholic sends to all its readers on New Year's day. F. D.

HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from Page 1.)

dead silence of the night it spoke. As you were alone gazing upon the walls of thy room, it spoke, and it reminded thee of thy incestuous love. It brought before thee the lewd dancer, and with the lewd dancer the head of John the Baptist; it brought before thee the mothers of Jerusalem, weeping over the lifeless bodies of their offspring; and calling upon the God of Abraham for justice; it brought before thee all which is known only to you and your God. Blunt was thy conscience, Herod, but living makes a conscience blunt, but blunt though it was, in the dead stillness of the night it tortured thee. Dancing women, flaring lights, the sparkle of the wine cup, the adulation of thy courtiers could not still it. Conscience, blunt though it was, spoke through all these, spoke over all these, and thy blunt conscience condemned thee, and its condemnation brought thee untold torture, and the days of thy life came to a close, and, like Judas, you went into your own place. We open the books of God, and after Herod's name we read these words:

"He who soweth in the flesh, of the flesh, shall reap corruption."

On the eastern bank of the Jordan, opposite to Galgal, in a place called Bethabara, where in the olden day the valiant Joshua pitched his tent, a strange man appears. He carries not the purse of the rich, he wears not the garments of the wealthy, and his food consists of locusts and wild honey. A great multitude surround him, attracted by the fame of his name, the strangeness of his words. Do penance, he tells the multitude, for the Kingdom of Christ is at hand, and then in a voice strong as the eternal hills, come the words: "Every hill shall be made low, every valley shall be filled up, the crooked ways shall be made straight, the rough ways plain, and then all flesh shall see the salvation of God." The multitude listen, there is in an earnest man a something which always compels the multitude to listen. In John the Baptist there was an earnestness, equality by no man born of woman, and to him succeeds St. Paul, and that strong, bright, pure earnestness which animated John the Baptist, sprung from his Godly mission. The multitude hear him. His words have the strength, the ring of heaven about them, and carry conviction to Jewish hearts wedded more firmly to Jewish traditions than the oak is to its roots.

Who is this man? we ask the multitude, and in a whisper they tell us. "Some say he is the Messiah," others say he is Elias, and there are some who say "he is a great prophet." "Prepare ye the ways of the Lord," and the whisper of the multitude is stilled. "Every mountain shall be made low," Yes, destroy those mountains of pride that shut out from your vision heaven and its God.

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Fill up those valleys, the valleys of omission, fill them up with good works, works performed with the pure intention of pleasing God; shovel into the valleys, prayer, alms, repentance and charity, that the "hollows" may be filled up, aye, even to the city lighted up by God. There are crooked ways in thy life which must be made straight. Crooked ways, yes, the truth must henceforth be sought for, be lived for, be died for. God is truth, and if men wish to live forever in the Heart of God, they must be like to Him—truthful. "The rough ways must be made plain." Men! no more obscenity, no more blasphemy, no more those words that mock heaven and feast hell, no more those words, thy speech from henceforth is to be aye, aye, and nay, nay, thy speech from henceforth is to breathe a little of that perfume which came from the Angel's voice in the morning of their creation, when they first saw their God. Your speech from henceforth and forever is to be "Glory be to God."

The multitude hear these words. They are silent, and in silence they depart for the homes by Galilee's sea and despaired Nazareth, but if you pluck one of them by the sleeve on the way home and say to him, "What think you of the man and his speech?" he will answer, "He is fearless; yes, He is honest; yes, He is sincere; yes, He is a lover of the poor; yes, He is an adherent of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; yes, He looks forward to the Light of Bethlehem, aye, sees that light; yes, He is a brave, honest, pure man. His aim is God, His life is God, His end will be God, and in a voice in every note of which is an intensity of feeling comes the answer, 'Yes.'"

The multitude have departed. John the Baptist is alone. We approach him and say to him, "Art thou the Messiah?" His look is a look of fondness, his answer never shall die. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the path of the Lord." "I am unworthy even to loose the latchet of His shoe." We leave John the Baptist and we approach the Messiah, the Christ. A multitude is around him, and we catch this query as it falls from His lips: "But what went you out into the desert to see? A reed shaken by the wind? But what went you out to see? A man clothed in soft garments? Behold, they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings. But what went you out to see? A prophet? Yea, I tell you, and more than a prophet. For this is He of whom it is written: Behold, I send My angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee."

We leave the Christ. No, we should not say that, for no human being since the Babe of Bethlehem's smile lit up the world, should ever leave the Christ. No, we accompany Him up to heaven. He opens the Book of Life there, and after John the Baptist's name we read these words: "He who soweth in the spirit, of the spirit, shall reap eternal life."

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